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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ALLARD AND LISZT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The ingenious author of the *Reactionary Letters* (which I regret to find are not so directly addressed against the pernicious doctrines of the Wagner school as I anticipated from reading the first) has the following, in *Letter No. VI. (Musical World, Feb. 17)*:—"We have some slight acquaintance with the violin, and we know of no *sonnets* (sonatas) for it more difficult than those of Beethoven. As far as our own experience goes, Allard, in Paris, is the only person who plays them in a superior manner. The pianoforte compositions (of Beethoven) offer quite as much difficulty, and only Liszt can altogether overcome them."

Now, sir, you must allow me to remark, that M. Sobolewski's "experience" of violinists and pianists of the right sort must go a very short way indeed. M. Liszt, I believe, is likely to be surprised at nothing which insinuates that he stands alone and unapproachable; but M. Allard, a modest as well as talented artist, would, if I am not much mistaken, be heartily disgusted at finding himself invested with such an extraordinary distinction—being, as he is, a contemporary of Ernst, Molique, Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Sivioli, Sainton, Milanollo, and so many other excellent violinists who are perfectly capable of playing any and all of Beethoven's sonatas. I confine myself expressly to foreigners, since M. Sobolewski probably knows little more of English musicians than—*vide* your translator's note—of English law; or I might add one or two more.

If no one can "altogether overcome" Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas except M. (I beg pardon—Dr.) Liszt, I regret it extremely. The last time I heard him play one of them, he "altogether overcame" me, by his extravagant style and strange disregard of the composer's text.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. VII.

(Continued from page 100.)

DIFFERENT ages have their peculiar colours. It is especially poetry, music, and love, which distinguish their character. Love is either a crape veil of mourning over the heart, or a purple-golden one over the eyes.

Europe lives at present in a past and future age. Germany is still in the past, but France is in the future. In Germany, love, poetry, and music resemble a nun who ardently longs for a better world, and has the crape veil over her heart. In France, she has long since past this state of mind, and amuses herself with the purple-golden veil. The former country knows love only in tears, and the latter only in smiles.

The modest, timid German has no higher pretensions than to belong to the animal kingdom, and believes that he is only distinguished as the most perfect animal from those of the subordinate classes, by the fact that he knows he *must die*, and, therefore, must prepare for a good death.

The Frenchman places himself more on a level with the old heathen gods. He lives and loves, as if his life would last for ever, and were one uninterrupted country dance.

Whenever our poets chance to enter this light-footed

Sodom, they become, as a general rule, somewhat purple-golden, like Heine and Flotow, although the stock from which they are descended is always evident; in the case of the former shining through his irony, and, in that of the latter, through the sentimentality which is so often rising to the surface, and which is rather behind the age, (as is pretty generally the case when a person endeavours to work himself into a new sphere), and, on account of its antiquity, reminds us of an old, love-sick spinster, with rose-red ribbons. It is thus that several portions of *Martha* and *Indra* affect us: it is the Kücken-Proch-ish lacrymal gland, which empties itself with an impetuosity indicative of its having been rubbed over with the juice of the northern onion.

Wagner has been in France. He has, however, received no addition of lightfootedness, but has preserved his heavy German step. Berlioz has alone worked upon him. The dazzling nature of this modernised Beethoven's instrumentation has struck him, and, not unfrequently, he does too much in this style. Wagner forgets but too frequently that appetite is preferable to satiety. In his music, instrumental effects and those of modulation jostle and hustle one another; we lose the proper taste of the food set before us, on account of the immense quantity of cayenne pepper in it, and we no longer recognise the original German dish. Nevertheless, the constitution of his mind is completely German, the crape veil lying in treble folds over his heart, and it is only when he allows himself perfect liberty, when he is not thinking of the production of something quite new and wonderful, when he does not speculate too finely whether this or that instrument cannot be introduced, or whether he can, after a great many naturals throw a great many sharps into the orchestra, so as to cause the eyes of the musicians to fill with tears—then, and then only is he really beautiful. It is thus that his soul weeps in the sleeping song of the *Flying Dutchman*, and in most of the music of Else and Lohengrin. Even the little herdsman in *Tannhäuser* smiles through tears.

Wagner is completely feminine in his nature. He is never able to raise himself to the virility of a Händel, Gluck, or Spontini. It is true that he does not believe this, but looks upon all other persons as weak, and himself alone as strong. We could not help smiling when he declared that Liszt was his beloved. Just the reverse is true. In love, Wagner has *always been passive*.

Liszt is an exquisite courtier. He possesses true politeness—forgetfulness of himself and kindly feelings towards others—which is to action what grace is to beauty; and he loves Wagner for the sake of the love. His inclination is a secondary one, as with women, who in their first passion love their beloved, but in the next, love love itself. Liszt is the lover and Wagner the young lady, and Liszt forgives many weaknesses in his mistress, and indeed even defends those which others are justified in censuring; all from a feeling of—politeness.

It is otherwise with the herd of lancebearers. They point to the beaming light that burns before them, and believe it to be a preservative against all errors. It is dangerous to enter into a dispute with them—it is less dangerous to insult the divinity himself than his priests. They are sometimes exceedingly disagreeable, because a person without a great deal of intellect and eminent capabilities, who is also totally deficient in politeness, is always repulsive in society—and of politeness they do not possess a grain. All that is not Wagner is worth nothing, and

yet it is only one peculiar mood of mind, the soft, longing, German mood, enveloped in a veil of mourning crape, which he is able to represent with a certain amount of perfection. This mood is beautiful, but never raises itself more than six feet above the ground, while with Meyerbeer, witness the incomparable duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, it towers to the clouds.

Wagner is one-sided, and his soul, one-stringed. We acknowledge the beauty with which he plays upon the one string, but if he has to depict revenge, rage, or jealousy, he has recourse to the most worn and common materials—"tremulandos" and diminished sevenths.

How varied, on the contrary, is Meyerbeer!—in what a peculiar and yet natural manner does he introduce, in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, the three Monks with their: "Ehre dem Allmächtigen Gott"—what fanaticism in this scene without a "tremulando"! What an imperishable masterpiece! How charmingly coquettish is Queen Margaret in the duet with Raoul, in the second act—where love is the purple-golden veil over the eyes, while the passion of Valentine is the mourning crape over the heart. And then that faithful, fanatical being, Marcel!

It is true that Meyerbeer has conceded many things to the public; and he might be compared to a homeopathist, who always sweetens his physic, were not the real working dose of the latter so very insignificant, while that of Meyerbeer is colossal. The opera of the *Huguenots* is, in my opinion, the finest work of its now so much abused composer. In *Robert*, the various styles are still too prominent. The *Prophète* is the most perfect in a technical sense, but is far from possessing the originality and freshness of the *Huguenots*, although it contains much that is most transcendent.

For Wagner's sake, Schumann is abused almost as much as Meyerbeer, by the Brendel party. Why? Because they want all interest to be entirely concentrated in that one man. These people care nothing about the interest of music; it is for their own interest that they work. Yet Schumann is the only composer of the present day who attaches himself more and more to the old classical masters. I do not mean that he is at all inclined to what is *old-fashioned*. Old works must be heard with respect, but imitated only with great care. No; Schumann is so polished, so fine, so correct, so easy in the carrying out of his themes, so free from anything like charlatanism, that we experience a sentiment of pleasurable ease on hearing his compositions—a certain elevated repose, which is disturbed every instant in the case of Wagner, first by a constrained transition from one key to another, then by unskilful management of the voice-parts, and then by scales which have long been prohibited, and are only used by beginners and bunglers, or by careless persons, and such as are hard of hearing.

There will always be a great difference between the kind of intelligence which calculates and that which really creates; the last is what is properly called Genius! Should we not hold it to be the sign that a person is somewhat deficient in this quality when we perceive but too clearly the immense labour expended in seeking for means of expression.

VIVIER IN A DILEMMA.—Much amusement has been caused at Berlin by a little adventure, of which a French artist, M. Vivier, the horn player, and otherwise humourist, is the hero. M. Vivier, a great favourite with the king, was invited to a concert at the palace. Wandering about the rooms and passages without being able to find his way or to make himself understood—not speaking a word of German—by the Gardes-du-Corps or the attachés of the palace, who did not speak French, he was at a loss what to do. At last a thought struck him. He gave a loud flourish on his horn in one of the corridors. This gave rise to great confusion and agitation; everybody ran to ascertain the cause of this unusual noise. The Grand Chamberlain of the palace was frightened almost out of his wits. But the King, who guessed who was the delinquent, laughed heartily, and then, of course, the adventure was found highly diverting by all the assembled courtiers, who, courtier-like, would otherwise have been apt to give Vivier the "cold-shoulder."—*Kreuz-Zeitung*.

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 99.)

As soon as we leave the Greek and Roman antiquity, which is equivalent to the fabulous age of music, we come at once upon the beginning of the middle age, a still more barren epoch in respect of music. The cloudy dogmas of the Greek theory, under the safe conduct of two or three hieroglyphic fragments, passing for examples, opened a wide field at least to the inquiries and conjectures of the learned of that time. There they could seek for the lost music, very much as the mathematicians seek the unknown quantities represented by x and z . They could hand it down to us some day in quite as good a state of preservation as the vases of Pompeii. But the period between the fifth and ninth centuries of the Christian era offers us not even the compensation of the undiscoverable x and z . At that time there was neither melody nor harmony, neither theory nor practice, neither monuments nor public, nor amateurs, nor operas, nor concerts. There was nothing but the choral song (*canto fermo*) of the first church, and some fundamental laws for the scales (or modes) and their notation. To these St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, and Pope Gregory, owed their musical celebrity.

We have already said, that the birth of music announced itself from the moment when the men of the church, weary of the everlasting psalmody in unison and octaves, sought to put other intervals together in the form of harmony. But when and where and by whom these attempts were first made; whether on the organ or by the singers; whether reflection, or, what is more probable, chance and instinct gave the first impulse; all these dubious or utterly obscure points of history, all these questions lie beyond the field of our inquiry. He who would go back to the first discoverers, forgets that it was no single individuals, but many together, and belonging for the most part to different countries and different ages. Insignificant experiments, indefinite and without firm foot-hold as they are in their origin, attain at last to some sort of a positive result; then come the theorists and confirm the existing practice, and elevate the fact to a principle; the history begins with the written monuments. These speculative men, who are often undeservedly honoured with the title of law-givers, naturally endow more of evil than of good, especially when the practice is bad, and the whole matter rests upon a prejudice. Men reasoned still less in the time of King Dagobert; still fewer experiments were tried; dogma controlled opinion, and authority held the place of logic; and when they had to take counsel of nature, they asked the ancients, that is, supposing they knew how to read them. The *Thus saith he*, applies to music as to everything else. They discovered Boethius, the Roman commentator on the Greek theories, whose original treatises, buried among the fragments of the heathen world, awaited the day of resurrection, that for them had not yet dawned. Boethius boasted the excellency of fourths and fifths, and condemned thirds and sixths, because he inferred from the *canonical* or musical arithmetic of the Greeks, which was as false as their music itself, that thirds and sixths were dissonances. In truth, Boethius, who knew about as much of harmony as his master, Aristoxenus, that is to say, nothing at all, understood how to treat of nothing but the melodic use of intervals. Merely because once the fourth and fifth were (after the octave) the most perfect consonances in the series, therefore it was taken for granted that in harmony also they must not be less perfect, and, accordingly, progressions in fifths and fourths were instantly constructed. It was hideous, but it was learned, it was Grecian; people admired and stopped their ears.

Hucbald, a Flemish monk, and that too-renowned Italian monk, Guido of Arezzo, consecrated this monstrous tone doctrine by the authority of their barbarous Latin.

If ever there was a great fame without foundation, a historical prejudice incarnate, a sounding title without substance, it was that of Guido. Some writers of the seventeenth century saw in him nothing less than the *discoverer of music*! Others, too scrupulous, or too classically disposed, to dare to rob Jubal, Apollo, or the Muses of such an honour, were content with ascribing to him the scale, counterpoint, the seven letters of the Gregorian

Chant, the notes on and between the lines, the monochord, the *organum*, of which we shall soon speak, the keys, the division of the scale by the *hexachord*, even the clavicord, and what not besides. That nothing might be wanting to the glory of the monk of Pomposa, Count Orloff said of him, "Music needed a man, a genius, who should establish its laws anew, as Newton established the laws of physics; and Guido Aretinus appeared."

The compliment is very flattering for Newton, and the only question is, in what way Guido settled anew the laws of Music, which before were neither fixed nor known. Two lines with notes will tell us more about it than whole volumes of commentaries.



There we have Guido of Arezzo! That is the fruit of the first experiments that were instituted, to compose a two-or-more-voiced song; *diaphonia*, *symphonia*, *polyphonia*, *discantus* or *organum*, or whatever they called it. There is no trace, it will be seen, of any melody: of measure quite as little, whether actually marked or in a certain manner understood of itself; it defies the instinct of the harmonic law as no savage people ever could defy it; all the elements of music at once are wanting in it, and their place supplied by the most hellish cat's-music; and the man who made that, passes for the great law-giver of music! Oh, how low he stood beneath the humblest minstrel of his time, who at least had ear enough to learn the rude melody of a ballad, and voice enough to sing it!

But even the dreary honour of settling the laws of the *organum* cannot be left to Guido, innocent usurper of so many real or imaginary discoveries, that were made before and after him. Hucbald has by a whole century the priority over him. Hucbald is the first who speaks of symphonies in octaves, fifths, and fourths, and the first who brings examples of compositions for two three, and even five voices. Only the Italian monk gives the preference to the passage in fourths over that of fifths, whereas the Flemish monk finds them equally good. "*Nostra* (the passage in fourths) *autum mollior*," says the first. Every one has his own taste, but for human ears this subtle difference is about the same with the difference in the pains produced by a blow with a stick or with a club.

Guido completed the system of notation current in his time, but it was not he who invented points with and without tails, or more correctly speaking, notes. Yet it appears that he invented a new and important method of teaching the plain chant to the choir boys. Therein consist the services which he rendered to music. All the historians have spoken of these services; almost all have over-estimated their greatness and importance; but no one, to my knowledge, has so manifestly exposed the incalculable harm that Guido has done by his ridiculous doctrines of harmony, as Kiesewetter. In his excellent treatise† he tho-

roughly proves, that the declarations of the musical oracle crippled the career of Art through several centuries, and that his authority still stood considerably in the way of composers, when they at length understood how to compose. I was of his view of the matter, even before I read him; but I do not allow myself to agree with him in the suspicion that the inventors of the *organum* had never convinced themselves with their own ears of its effect. "For," says he, "They would have found such a penance too hard even for a cloister." That Guido, as a theorist, a singing-master, and a choir-director, had the music executed as he had conceived and written it, can certainly admit of no doubt; indeed long after him a large part of European Christendom sang in fourths and fifths, since otherwise the barbarous words, *to quart* and *to quint* would have had no meaning. And are not the two beggars, whom the reader may remember that Mozart heard sing in the streets of Milan, a singing proof in this case really the most valid, that the harmonic traditions of the eleventh century had propagated themselves, as by a miracle, down to about the end of the eighteenth.

Meanwhile, outside of the scholastic doctrines, and at the same time with them, doubtless even long before them, other principles of harmony were germinating, whose results progressed and proved by far more fruitful. We may consider it certain that singing in several parts, in an extemporaneous manner, preceded the written *organum*. But what was the character of their song in parts? History is silent, but there are cases in which history can be easily completed by infallible examples, taken from the practice of music in its natural state. For instance, there exist, in Russia, church singers, who are certainly no better musicians than the monks of the first eight centuries were, and who in all probability execute the Græco-Russian church song very much as in the time of the reign of Wladimir. So too there is a tribe of people, far remote from all the larger cities, whose melodies and style of singing probably bear the primitive stamp, and deviate but little from those that were in practice from the oldest times. If you listen to the chorus of the Russian church song and the choruses of the people's songs, you will encounter thirds mingled with other consonances, and you will almost always hear the fifth upon the dominant, by which the place of the final cadence is supplied in the primitive national airs, and which is the reason why these do not close, and only seem to end for lack of farther text. That is the origin of impromptu singing in parts throughout all Europe; for neither times nor places change the organization of men in this. What these serfs and boors use from instinct, the singers of Gregory and Charlemagne could also use instinctively; and this assumption, borrowed from a case analogous, acquires the probability of the most strictly demonstrated historical fact, when we see even Hucbald and Guido, in the progressions of their *organum*, admit thirds as it were incidentally; even these ill-sounding thirds, despised in the music of the Greeks. Must not the musical truth have been very strong, thus secretly to have slipped into the creed of these Greek-minded monks, thus to have sounded with a certain conviction even in their ears of horn!

The musicians in the state of nature made thirds and sixths, as M. Jourdain made prose, without knowing that they did it; but to combine thirds systematically, the immediate followers of Guido had to advance on the way to accord, to harmony—in a word, to music. The farther they proceeded on this way, the more did accidental usages, exceptions, licenses, that is to say, real advances, gradually take the place of the *organum*; the scholastic leaven, that had so long barred all further expansion, began to dissolve; the passages of Hucbald and Guido were formally condemned, and the steadily increasing abhorrence, which they inspired, expressed itself in the sequel by the famous law forbidding all consecutive octaves, fifths, and fourths; which law from this time forward seemed to include the whole art of composition, as it had before seemed all included in invariable adherence to these very same progressions.

Thus theory, uncertain and perplexed, moved slowly on, over a thousand devious days, towards the goal, making occasional concessions, or rather sacrifices to the ear. Meanwhile men borrowed from the natural music something else, which power-

* In his *History of the Music of Italy*, which I commend to the perusal of musicians, not so much for the instruction, as for the entertainment to be derived from it.

† *Geschichte der europäischen-abendländischen, oder unsern, heutigen, Musik*. 1834.

fully contributed to hasten the development of art. This was the *canto fermo*, a unique kind of chant, which differed from the people's song, and had no measure, no divisions, but the long and short syllables of the Latin prose, and which was simply spoken without musical rhythm. Yet nowhere was it possible that rhythm should entirely disappear. In every age and every place have songs been sung in which one might perceive a melody, and no melody is possible without rhythm. I fancy too, that in all times and places men have danced, and, without a distinctly marked musical rhythm, dancing is not possible. On this side the theorists had nothing to discover, and their otherwise very weighty and very hard task was limited to simply inventing signs for what had existed from time immemorial among all the nations of the earth.

From the application of rhythm to the above-named experiments of a better understood harmony, naturally arose composition with various signs, or figured counterpoint. Thus there was already realized a kind of virtual harmony, not through the succession of chords (which were not known), but through that of intervals; the different values of notes presented, at least for the eye, a kind of melody; finally, the rules of quantity, which were connected with the notes, and perhaps also some distinction in the character of the perfect and imperfect *tempo*, that is to say the double and the sesqui-altra (three-fold) represented a sort of measure. Musical art had entered its embryo state.

Already some musicians began to follow up and analyse their discoveries. They soon remarked that some harmonic steps had a tendency to rise, and that the downward tendency of others was not less perceptible. Hence that old rule, which dates back to Franco of Cologne, requiring alteration in the movement of the voices, letting one ascend, while the other falls or remains on the same level, etc., which is exactly the opposite of the examples from Hucbald and Guido, in which the voices, uniformly composed of isochronic notes, almost always move in parallel lines. Still later it was perceived, that a sequence of so-called perfect consonances (the octave, fourth, and fifth) produced no good effect, that the privilege of succeeding one another belonged only to the so-called imperfect consonances (thirds and sixths), and that the progression became more agreeable (more natural) by the intermingling of the consonances with the dissonances. These last arose incidentally out of the differences in the quantity of the notes, which were set against each other, and at first only counted as transition notes. The theory of dissonances, considered as harmonic intervals or prime elements, the art of preparing and resolving them, the naturally induced syncopations, were reserved for much later times.

I have stated in a few words the real and important advances which have immortalized Franco of Cologne, Merchetto of Padua, and John de Muris. Not that they are to be considered the authors of these discoveries and applications, thus associated with their names, but because they have collected them, arranged them, and explained them in their works as well as they knew how.

But although Theory was forced to accept some truths, it still persisted in holding on to the antiquated Greek and Latin rubbish, as the beginning and end of all musical wisdom, the basis of all doctrines. It is in fact a singular spectacle to see how a system, from which every step of progress took away a piece, was step by step defended; how every effort was exhausted to reconcile the ever increasing claims of the ear with the ever more imperious *veto* of our lords and masters, the Greeks; how men lost themselves in subtleties, after every breach made in their doctrines by an innovation, to make it appear that the innovation lay already *a priori* in Boethius and Aristoxenus, and bore their sanction. So much is correct; they could see everything, find everything in that confused nonsense, and for the simple reason that they saw nothing and there was nothing in it.

(To be continued.)

MADAME VIARDOT-GARCIA is engaged at the Théâtre-Italien, in Paris, and makes her first appearance on Tuesday, in Rosina (*Il Barbiere*).

MADAME SONTAG.

[THE following letter has been addressed by the Count de Rossi, husband of the late celebrated vocalist, to a friend in Paris. We have translated it from *Le Ménestrel*.]

It is now nearly five months since I left her tomb, and I am still as broken-hearted and miserable as on the day of her death. The generous but useless endeavours of my relations to alleviate my loss, and even the presence of my beloved children, sadden rather than console me, particularly when I think of the happiness their dear mother would have felt in witnessing the great success of her favourite daughter, whom all find so charming in those qualities of education, heart, and musical feeling, which my lamented Henriette made such efforts to develop under her own direction. All now is lost for ever, to me, to my children, and to the world, which *she* knew how to charm as much as she did her own domestic circle, by a talent which was never more perfect than when the decree of Providence arrested it in its career. It is impossible for me to tell you what myself and my poor children suffer from a wound that time will scarcely heal; more especially my little Marie, who is only beginning to recover somewhat from the terrible blow given to her dearest and best affections. Pious as she is (and permit me to add as I am myself), we have appreciated in the highest degree the proof of affection shewn by Mdlle. Alphonsine Lemit (in the service at La Madeleine) in favour of one who had vowed to bestow upon her a mother's interest, and would have kept the vow if the Almighty had permitted her to realize the project of fixing her residence in Paris, as we had decided. Alas! it only remains for us now to honour her memory in our prayers, and to endeavour to stifle the bitter feelings which all of us experience in thinking of the fate of that unhappy mother who, as the price of her noble and indefatigable devotion, died, and died even at the moment when she was counting the days and the hours that would bring her back to her beloved children, and recompense her for all her troubles and anxieties. Let us hope, my dear and good friend, that Heaven, in its just mercy, has reserved for her the reward of her good works, in the enjoyment of a happiness of which we cannot measure the extent; and in truth it is not she, but ourselves, who are the most to be pitted.

I am waiting for the arrival at Hamburg of her dear mortal remains, in order to go there and meet them, I shall then accompany them to their last resting place, in the Convent of Maria Jhal, near Dresden, where her sister is a nun, and where, in consequence, the holy prayers of those who loved her most will not be wanting. I am having a small chapel built there, with two tombs, and, after satisfying this wish of my heart, I return to my family.

I shall meet you, no doubt, in the spring, but will not promise you that the pleasure of seeing you will be exempt from all sadness. It will be impossible for me to separate your presence from the remembrance of my dear Henriette; the idea of being able to talk of the angel whom I have lost with those who feel as you do, has, however, its consolation. Besides, it will be delightful to renew the friendship of Mdlle. Alphonsine and my dear Marie, by bringing them together again for a short time.

[The above letter was addressed to M. Lemit, an intimate friend of Mad. Sontag and her husband, who caused a funeral service to be held at the Madeleine in honour of the departed lady.]

MISS CATHERINE HAYES has arrived in Calcutta, where she will give a few concerts. She then returns to Europe.

MR. MACREADY.—This gentleman's compliance with the wishes of the committee of the Wakefield Church Institution, to give an evening's reading for the benefit of its funds, is likely to prove a great boon to the Institution. There is little doubt that a numerous and fashionable audience will be assembled to greet him, and the twofold object of paying respect to the great actor's liberality, and of benefiting the Institution, will be realised.—*Manchester Paper*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE snow lies two feet deep; the thermometer is twenty degrees below freezing point; the noses are red; the lips blue; the sledges usurp the place of more civilized vehicles; the post arrives not; and the water freezes in the boilers of the steam engines. Such is the commencement of spring in the year of grace, 1855. God grant that the concentration of cold in this part of Europe may have drawn the frost and snow from the Crimea; and that our gallant troops on the hill-side may be warm and well sheltered, while we shiver and starve over a tremendous fire. What means this prologue? I hear you say. It signifies, simply, that your correspondent, like other mortals, has suffered from the rigour of the weather; that he has been unable to frequent opera, concert, and theatre, as usual; and that, therefore, you must be content with a *réchauffé* in place of something more new and original. "*Mais, que voulez-vous?*" Correspondents, even "owns" and "specials," are but men; and your very policeman—that type of order, authority, and law—cannot resist the unsavoury mess not unfrequently prepared for him by pitying cook or housemaid, but shelters himself from the cold in a well-warmed kitchen, and by a good fire.

Miss Fauvette, the long expected work of M. Victor Massé—author of *La Chanteuse Voilée*, *Galathée*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, and *La Fiancée du Diable*—has just been produced at the Opéra-Comique, and I hear that it is "a success." I hope next week to give you an account of it from my own pen. Meanwhile I may say that Michel Carré and Jules Barbier are the authors of the *libretto*, a guarantee that it is clever; that Mdlle. Lefebvre plays *Lise, la bouquetière*, in place of Mad. Miolan, still "indisposed," but for whose absence Mdlle. Lefebvre amply compensates; and that M. Sainte-Foy has a capital part in the splenic "Lord Tristram." The "indisposition" of Madame Miolan, and its consequences, offer a good lesson to artists in general. Having a slight dispute with the director of the theatre, Mad. Miolan became suddenly "indisposed" during the run of the *Pré aux Clercs*; indeed, so sudden was her illness, that she could not apprise the manager thereof more than four hours before the opera was to be played. M. Perrin appealed to Mad. Ugalde, who took the part at the four hours' notice, and has since studied the music carefully. When I say that Mad. Ugalde leaves no cause to regret Mad. Miolan's "indisposition," I understate the case; since Mad. Ugalde is, in every respect, a better artist than the "indisposed" lady. Mad. Miolan, however, thought that *Miss Fauvette*, at least, could not be produced without her invaluable assistance; and, as a large sum had been spent on the *mise-en-scène*, she anticipated that "revenge" from *Miss Fauvette* which had been denied her in the *Pré aux Clercs*. Again she is deceived; and Madlle. Lefebvre having successfully created the *rôle*, is entitled to keep it, even should Mad. Miolan recover from her "indisposition."

Paris, for the last month, has been divided into two hostile camps; the cause of dispute—the Helen, about whose merits these modern Greeks and Trojans are contending—being Madame Deligne Lauters. She cannot vocalise, she has no soul for her art, she is a mere puppet—says the opposing set of critics. She has the most magnificent voice, the most sympathetic organ, the most enchanting manner, and the most captivating style—reply the fair lady's champions. The truth in this, as in most cases, lies between the two extremes. Madame Deligne Lauters has much to learn as a vocalist, and more as an actress; but she has good materials to work with. Her voice is splendid, her intelligence great, her capacity as a musician more than ordinary, her person agreeable, and her age eighteen. I find that M. Duprez taught her the part she sings in *Robin des Bois*. Never could singer be under a more unfit master, for an opera like *Der Freischütz*. M. Duprez seems to have considered this masterpiece from the Castil-Blaze point of view; and as the "*maestro*" had taken liberties with the great composer's text, the "*professore*" thought he might, with equal

good grace, embellish and vary the melodies. He set himself to work, and spared not roudades, shakes, and *ricercate*, whereof Weber had no idea, and which, had he heard them, would have driven him mad. Madame Lauters thought she could not go wrong in following the advice of so great a master of the art vocal as M. Duprez, and accordingly she repeated, note for note, what he had taught her. The public, delighted at a *tour de force*, *quand même*, applauded "to the echo;" and it was only on reading the *feuilletons* of the principal journalists that Madame Lauters woke from her dream of contented happiness. Like a sensible woman she profited by advice, though the cup was bitter and the dose strong. I have heard her again, and was delighted to find she had discarded M. Duprez and returned to Weber. A greater improvement, a more decided change for the better, I could hardly have imagined; nor could there be a greater treat than to hear Weber's exquisite melodies uttered by the rich and musical voice of Madame Lauters. If she will only work hard she has a great future before her. Gifted by nature, she must practice and study all the more. *Du reste*, there is every hope; for, though married, she is but a girl, and can well afford to listen to advice.

Le Masque de Poir has a certain degree of success at the Gaité, mainly owing to the scene being laid in Russia, to sundry allusions to the war, and to the supposed author being M. Mocquard, the Emperor Napoleon's secretary. M. B. Antin fathers the piece, than which it is difficult to conceive anything more absurd, more dreary, or more tedious. A band of French milliners are established at St. Petersburg, one of whom is engaged to Edouard, a young French armorer. When war is declared, they determine to return to France, but, the people insisting that Edouard shall furnish weapons against his countrymen, a fight ensues, and he is hurried off to prison. Pierre, one of his friends, assists him and shares his fate. Julie, the milliner, who was engaged to Edouard, refuses to leave St. Petersburg so long as her lover is in prison, and appeals to the protection of Prince Alexis, who is one of her customers, and has a dreary habit of lecturing on the virtues and goodness of his loyal enemies the French. But Julie is in fact the daughter of the late Prince Boriloff, by a French mother, and her father having made a *mésalliance*, "kept it dark." She knows nought of her real parentage, her deceased mother having always assured her that her father was dead and a Frenchman. The present Prince Boriloff is aware of the secret of Julie's birth; and his son Alexander, who is ignorant thereof, seeks Julie's dishonour. Meanwhile Pierre and Edouard are lying in prison, when a trap-door opens, and a band of ruffians, who have made their escape from a lower dungeon, issue forth into the Frenchmen's cell. "Swear to secrecy," cry they, threatening death to the Gauls, "and aid us to assist in the Emperor's assassination." "Never," reply the Frenchmen, "sooner death than such treachery!" "Die, then!" shout the Muscovs, when, lo! as the uplifted daggers are about to fall, the prison doors open, and the omnipresent omniscient Emperor himself appears on the scene. He releases Edouard and Pierre, whose conduct he highly lauds, and promises them freedom and return to France. Edouard talks of Julie, whom the Emperor also promises to "protect," and send back with her lover. Meanwhile Prince Boriloff, anxious to be relieved from Julie's presence in this world, employs a serf to suffocate her with a pitch-plaster while she sleeps. The serf arrives at Julie's lodging, and applies the covering to the mouth of a female whom he finds in the bed indicated by the Prince. But, a-lack-a-day, it is Ivanna, the Prince's favourite daughter, who, taken ill at Julie's lodging, whither she had gone for some matter of dress, lies fainting on the bed, while Julie has run for the doctor. Enter the Emperor again! *Deus ex machina*; *tableau général*; *éclaircissement*; happy ending; the virtuous rewarded; the wicked punished! Such is the *Masque de Poir*, which the excellent acting of M. Lacrosonnière and Madlle. Adolphe could not render even tolerable. It is not probable that the Gaité will find a second piece *à propos* of the war, which will have the success and the run of *Les Cosaques*.

M. Ponsard, the author, and M. Laferrière, the actor of the Odéon, have had a law-suit. M. Ponsard sued M. Laferrière for 2000 francs money lent. M. Laferrière replied that the

* See letter of "Another Correspondent" in our last.—Ed. M. W.

money was not *lent* but *given*, in order that he might purchase his *congé* from the theatre at Havre, and proceed to Paris to "create" the rôle of Georges in M. Ponsard's play of *L'Honneur et l'Argent*. The tribunal, seeing that M. Laferrrière had given his note of hand for the money, directed him to restore the amount, declaring at the same time that it was a *malentendu* and that he preserved his honour. Thus was the title of the play exemplified in a manner of which neither author nor actor thought, when the one wrote and the other first played in it.

(From another Correspondent.)

THE third *Séance* of the Société des Concerts opened with the grand *Scena* of Agamemnon and Calchas, from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide*. MM. Bonnehée and Merly were the solo singers. The *cantabile* in E minor was sung by M. Bonnehée very well, and produced a great sensation. One of Grétry's airs from *Richard III.*, too short for a concert of such importance as that of the Conservatoire, was nicely sung by Mlle. Dussy, who was also applauded in a duet from *Zauberflöte*, where she was well seconded by M. Bonnehée in the barytone part. The violins, tenors, and violoncellos surpassed themselves in the selection from one of Haydn's quartets (always the same by the way). A more correct school of fiddling may be sought for in vain. The chorus of geni in *Oberon*, was effectively given. The concert terminated with Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7). The audience, "always the same" (says M. Fiorentino), left the concert, delighted, "as usual." The artists of the Conservatoire must have extraordinary talent to charm the same audience always. What effect would they produce on the public at large?

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

EVERYTHING has been done that is possible to keep up our opera since the burning of the Théâtre de la Monnaie cast it as it were upon the streets. The city has voted the funds to purchase the necessary "properties," etc., and the *artistes* themselves have formed a "joint stock" society. It was lucky that a theatre was vacant where our *troupe* could find an asylum. The Cirque, in which the opera is now located, was built for equestrian exhibitions, but can easily be converted when required into a regular theatre. Mlle. Rachel formerly gave a series of performances there; an Italian operatic company played there during an entire winter season; and latterly *vaudevilles* have been the order of the day at the Cirque. The theatre is not sufficiently large for grand French opera, but is excellently adapted for sound, and is therefore admirable for the lighter Italian *répertoire*. *Guillaume Tell* was the opera selected for the opening night. An escape of gas, from the chandeliers which lighted the first row of boxes, rather alarmed the audience, who were apprehensive of a repetition of the conflagration of which the public have been dreaming ever since the fatal twenty-first of January. This fear was happily soon allayed, and the performance proceeded without further disturbance. Since the opening night, *Robert-le-Diable*, *La Favorite*, and the *Huguenots*, have been given, and the *Etoile du Nord* is announced for Monday. Of all the works in the *répertoire* this last has suffered the most from the late fire, the scenery, dresses, and decorations were entirely destroyed, and everything therefore is obliged to be quite new for the coming representation; so that like a Phoenix, Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre* will rise from its ashes more brilliant than before. The sympathy of the Parisians towards our "burnt-out" artists, has manifested itself in a substantial manner, which is no doubt in a great measure owing to the late treaty of copyright between the two countries. In fact, the "victims" of the fire of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, found themselves in so comfortable a position that they are the envy of the members of those theatres that have *not been burnt*.

The Conservatoire has given its third annual concert. The principal feature in the programme was Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony. How many enjoyments do those persons deprive themselves of who attach themselves exclusively to one composer, or one school of music! M. Fétis, director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, establishes this every time he reproduces an almost

forgotten work of an old master. This time his choice fell upon an air from the *Judas Maccabæus* of Händel. What character, what simple means, yet what grand effect! What will they now say who used to laugh at the English predilection for Händel's music? In this, as in many other things, we must confess the English have not shown themselves bad judges. The air from *Judas Maccabæus* was energetically sung by M. Goossens, a pupil of M. Géraudy, and one of the professors of the Conservatoire. The overture of M. Fétis, which was so much liked at the first concert, was played again, by special desire. It was much better understood and appreciated on the present occasion, and the author and his composition met with deserved applause.* The Philharmonic Society gave a concert for the benefit of the victims (!) of the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M. Leonard, the violinist, with his wife, the talented vocalist, and M. Servais, the violoncellist, gave their gratuitous assistance. M. Litoff, the English pianist, has given his third and last concert in Brussels previous to his return to Brunswick, where he resides. He does not go to Paris, as he intended, the severity of the winter having affected his health.

A new kind of ceremony will take place to-morrow, at the church of Sainte-Gudule. The Reverend father Hermann, formerly a mundane pianist, now a barefooted Carmelite, will deliver a sermon, after which he will perform on the organ some of his own compositions. Programmes of this curious *Séance* have been issued. The preacher-artist will not, you may be sure, want an audience, and a full one.

* M. Jullien introduced the overture recently at Covent Garden.—Ed.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mlle. Wildauer made her first appearance at the Imperial Operahouse, after her severe illness, as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*. She was warmly welcomed and applauded by the audience, who were delighted at once more hearing the voice of their old favourite.

Mlle. Wilhelmina Clauss gave her third concert in the rooms of the Musikverein, which were crowded to the very doors. The programme included a quartet, by Herr Robert Schumann, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. Beethoven's sonata in F minor, two Mazurkas, by Chopin, and Dr. Franz Liszt's *Lucia Fantasia*. Mlle. Wilhelmina was most rapturously applauded after each piece, and again at the conclusion of the concert. In the intervals between the instrumental pieces, Mlle. Betty Bury sang Schubert's "Des Mädchens Klage," the air "Der Herr vergisst die Seinen nicht," from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, and two Neapolitan melodies. On the 11th inst., Signor and Signora Marchesi gave their third concert, when Signor Marchesi sang the splendid air of Count Almaviva in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, which is always omitted now, why I cannot say, when the opera is represented at the Kärnthnertheater. Sig. Marchesi also sang "Madamina," a romance of Gordiniani, and a *Lied* of Schubert. Signora Marchesi sang a ballad by one Hoven, two Scottish songs by Beethoven, an "Etude avec Paroles" by Bordogni, the romance from *Otello*, and, with her husband, a *duo buffo* from *Die Italianerin in Algier*, the effect of which was marred by an over "stageyness" of delivery not suited to a concert-room. The instrumental department comprised some pieces of Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, and Liszt, well played by Mlle. Emma Von Staudach, on the pianoforte. The quartet-concert given by Herr Hellmesberger for charitable purposes came off on the same day as the above.

COLOGNE.—There is good reason for believing that the Niederrheinisches Musikfest will take place, as usual, at Whitsuntide, and that the place of meeting will be Düsseldorf, as there is at present no building sufficiently spacious in Cologne. The whole will be under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. It is said that one of the oratorios will be Haydn's *Creation*, in which the principal parts will be sustained by Mad. Ney-Bürde, M. Roger, and Herr Carl Formes.

WEIMAR.—Dr. Franz Liszt has met with unexpected obstacles in his plan of establishing a series of subscription concerts. The

idea will, in all probability, be abandoned. M. Hector Berlioz is to conduct a grand Court concert on the 17th inst., at which his new "trilogy," *L'Enfance du Christ*, will be presented.

DRESDEN.—The first representation of M. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, took place on the 9th inst., the second on the 11th, the third on the 13th, and the fourth on the 15th. Although the prices of admission were doubled, the house was crammed to suffocation. All the Court was present. On the first night M. Meyerbeer was called on the stage twice during the performance, crowned with a laurel-wreath by Mad. Ney-Bürde, and summoned into the royal box to receive the compliments of the King, who subsequently bestowed on him the commander's cross of the Albertus-Orden.

LEIPZIG.—(From a Correspondent.)—I am glad to be able to inform you that our opera begins to revive. Herr Theodor Formes, the tenor from Berlin (brother of the bass, Carl), Mad. Wagner, from Prague, and Mdle. —, are now giving performances on our stage, and on every occasion the house is crowded to excess, although the entrance prices have been raised. Flotow's *Stradella* has been given: *Die Hugenotten* will be played to-night (18th Feb.), and it is expected that we shall hear Boieldieu's *Die Wiese Dame*, and Auber's *Die Stumme von Portici*, in a very short time.

At the 17th Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of whom I spoke in my last, contributed a symphony, entitled, *Im Freien*, which met with success.

The fourth quartet *soirée* took place on the 12th inst., on which occasion Herr Hiller performed two of his own compositions, viz., *Variations for the Piano, solo*, played in a very masterly style, and a *Serenade* for piano, violin, and violoncello, one of the movements of which is written in 5-4 measure (!) The *bravura* pianist, Alexander Dreyschock, is at present here, and will appear at the Gewandhaus shortly. Perhaps you may not yet have heard of the marriage of Mdle. Jenny Ney at Dresden (I believe on the 31st of January), to Herr Bürde, an actor on the Dresden stage. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been given at Dresden, and, as the papers say, with brilliant success.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mdle. Agnes Büry has appeared as Zerlina in *Don Juan*. On the night of her playing the character, Mad. Köster was suddenly taken ill, and her place supplied, at the shortest notice, by Mad. Herrenburger, who acquitted herself in so satisfactory a manner, as to be called on during the progress of the opera. There is a report that Mdle. Büry has been offered a permanent engagement. A concert has been given by Herr Heinrich Blume for the purpose of purchasing fuel this inclement season for such persons as are here termed *Verschämte Arme*, which may be rendered "shabby genteel" in English, or, more exactly, *Pauvres honteux* in French.

A new trio, by Herr A. Stahlknecht, was performed for the first time, on Wednesday, at the *Trio-Soirée* of Herr Löschhorn and the brothers Stahlknecht. Besides this, a violoncello sonata (Op. 58), by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's trio in G. major were played. Herr Reissiger's oratorio of *David* was given on Thursday, the 8th instant, in the rooms of the Singacademie, under the direction of the composer. The orchestra was that known as Liebig's Capelle; and the chorus was composed of members of the Singacademie assisted by the Domsänger, or vocalists of the cathedral, and a large number of *dilettanti*. The solos were entrusted to the *élite* of the Berlin amateurs. The performance went off with *éclat*. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach have commenced their second cycle of concerts in Sommer's Saloon, and Herr Josef Gungl still continues his performances in the Gesellschaftshaus. Young Arthur Napoleon continues his successful career at Kroll's.

GOtha.—The reigning Duke has presented a rich gold snuff-box, with the letter E, surmounted by a crown in brilliants, to Herr Hoffmann, director of the orchestra at the Frankfort Theatre, as a mark of his Highness's satisfaction at the careful and effective manner in which Herr Hoffmann produced his Highness's opera of *Santa-Chiara*.

STOCKHOLM.—A new opera, by Herr Hermann Behrens, of Ham-burgh, and entitled *Violetta*, has been produced.

COPENHAGEN.—M. Alexandre Dreyschock gave a concert in January, for which two thousand five hundred tickets were sold by noon, on the day of performance. When M. Dreyschock, after concluding his last piece, had made his bow, and was about to retire, all the members of the orchestra rose up in two rows, while each stretched out his hand in succession to grasp that of the pianist as the latter passed between them, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the spectators. (Bravo Alexandre!)

DESSAU.—The enlargement of the Ducal Concert Rooms is nearly completed.

JEAN-JOSEPH SCHOTT, whose death we announced last week, was born the 12th December, 1782, at Mayence, where his father followed the business of an engraver and a music publisher. The establishment, founded by Bernard Schott, was enlarged by his sons, Jean-Joseph and André. Owing to the industry and intelligence of the latter, the business was so increased that it soon occupied the first rank in Germany, and comprised, besides the publishing department, a copper-plate and lithographic printing-office, and a manufactory of musical instruments, including pianofortes. Among the most important publications of J. J. Schott, was the *Cæcilia*, a weekly journal, originally edited by the theorist, Gottfried Weber; the edition of the latest works of Beethoven; and the *Gazette Musicale d'Allemagne du Sud*. J. J. Schott died on the 4th February, 1855, in his 73rd year.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

SCRAPS FROM AN AMATEUR'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

D R. ARNE.

I WELL remember this rare English composer of music. Shall I give you his portrait, body and mind? He was rather tall and thin, with an aquiline nose, a long and rather undulating mouth, which gave a certain gravity, though not unpleasant, to his utterance; and his manner inspired confidence and ease to those who knew him, or were favoured with an introduction to him. Dr. Arne had originally received an Etonian education, which ever supported him in all his pursuits, both musical and literary; for he was often his own poet, and, I am informed, put a helping hand to the poetry in his own opera of *Artaxerxes*, so as to show off his singers to advantage on all the vowels; which, on a critical examination, will be found little inferior to the Italian Opera poetry; for example:—

"Wa—ter par—ted fro—from the sea, &c."

But I have not yet finished the portrait of Dr. Arne. With long thin legs and arms, he was dignified both in his manner and walk; often to be seen in the streets with a large cock'd-up gold laced hat, then *à-la-mode*. His dress of ceremony, in general, was a suit of crimson, or black velvet, bag and sword, with white silk stockings, gold or stone shoe and knee buckles. With all this there was a certain *je ne sçai quoi* of gait and figure that bespoke the man *au premier coup-d'œil*. No person could possibly mistake him, either at a masquerade, or in the midst of his own orchestras. Full of gaiety and wit, but withal gentlemanlike, polite, and ever ceremonious to his noble patrons; never forgetting himself; kind and full of urbanity to the whole profession, who adored his abilities; a true amateur of the fair sex, to the end of a very long life: seldom or ever superabundantly rich, but always living as a respectable housekeeper. Miss Brent and Mrs. Kennedy may be considered as his two best female public pupils. Miss Brent was rather *passé* when first I had the pleasure of knowing the Doctor; but Mrs. Kennedy was just coming into notice (about forty-five years since). It will be thought almost incredible when I relate that all the fine and clear pronunciation of her words, natural as it appeared, was the entire effect of hard uphill application of the doctor's conceptions of what was calculated to touch the hearts and understanding of the auditors. This immense difficulty was often accompanied by tears and sobbings, as impossibilities; but Arne knew otherwise, and "Omne tulit punctum." I say it is inconceivable what lights the doctor threw on the accentuation of each word, whether commencing or finishing with either vowels or consonants, so as to render the sense and true sentiment of the song intelligible to the most common ears as well as the most refined. He would pass whole mornings, and never give up the idea, that the poetry of a song ill expressed was a nullity to the understanding, instead of a blaze of light; and thus he succeeded with the British public.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE *MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.

NEW ORGAN FOR MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.—A description of this instrument will appear in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. DOCA.—We are unable to supply our Correspondent with the information he requires.

A SUBSCRIBER AT MANCHESTER.—We have never seen the song in question.

MARRIED.

On the 17th instant at St. Nicolas, Brighton, Maria Elizabeth, eldest daughter of T. F. Beale, Esq., of Regent-street, to G. F. Denny, Esq., of Charlton, Kent.

OBITUARY.

On the 13th instant, T. Lucombe, Esq., the father of Mrs. Sims Reeves, in his sixty-eighth year.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1855.

"Thus far into the bowels of the"—season, and not one word about the Italian Opera prospectus! At St. Petersburg—so we learn from private letters and from newspapers—the Italian *troupe* has been unusually successful, although a cloud hangs over all the Russias, the Czar is beside himself, the nobles are impoverished, the officers dispersed or dead, and paper roubles more plentiful than valued. If it be true that, under these circumstances, Mad. Lagrange and Sig. Tamberlik have lost none of their attractions, which we find it hard to believe, there is surely no reason why our musical fashionables in London should despair of their house in Bow-street. Mr. Gye may reasonably and fairly rub the palms of his hands together, and ejaculate:—"Well, matters are not so brown as was expected. I may have a tolerable season after all. Jullien answered famously. Why not the Opera? If I can only bring back Grisi, for some more 'farewells,' and Mario, invigorated by change of air and scene, I shall do very well, in spite of the war, and that confounded Swedish Nightingale, who, they say, is coming from Dresden, to absorb everything, as of old." Mr. Gye need not be afraid. A good programme will do his work. A few novelties, and a strong list of singers, including as many of the old favourites as practicable, is all that he requires. Italian Opera is one thing; pious singing at Exeter Hall another; and we hear that Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind will sing

"pious," or not at all—that is, in England, where the influence of bishops and deans is always considerable; at Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, she can throw aside restraint (we were going to say—your pardon, reader—"the mask") and sing all sorts of songs, from "Pious Orgies" and "Holy, holy," to "Casta Diva," and "Away with melancholy." Besides, if the Lind fever, like *cholera morbus*, reappears with the same virulence as before, we promise to swallow a copy of this journal. Impossible!

As no "facts" with regard to the Royal Italian Opera have been published, we are unable to advance anything with anything like confidence. In place of information, therefore, we can do no better than offer a few guesses, and if they all turn out wrong, there will be no very great harm done. Another time we may be luckier, and win back our standing as soothsayers, without having incurred the penalty of Peter of Pomfret, who, prophesying that King John would deliver up the crown on Ascension Day, was condemned by the king to be hanged on that self-same day—which, to him (Peter), was too literally "*Ascension Day*," if the elevation really took place.

We believe we are not very far wrong in stating that, among the company of singers at the Royal Italian Opera, will again figure Mad. Bosio and Mdle. Marrai, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi. Of Sig. Lablache we are not so sure; and one of the reasons for incertitude is the re-engagement of Herr Formes, which was ratified but lately. Among the new comers may be mentioned, without hesitation, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, the new *contralto* at the *Paris Italiens*, and Sig. Gardoni, who has for several years been "about to be" engaged at Covent Garden, but was never actually engaged till now. The appearance of Mad. Borghi-Mamo, who takes all the first parts, renders that of Mad. Alboni, about which there was a good deal of talk some time ago, very improbable—unless as an eccentric star, for a month or so, which was the case, last season, with Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli. And yet how pleased, nay fascinated, would be the London public, to see and hear once more their well beloved, their plump and comely Marietta, who was baptised and made famous in this commercial city, on the 6th of April, 1847, as we yet remember. No, no, good Frenchmen—brothers in arms and policy, co-defenders of the rights of civilisation and nationalities!—no, no, ye spruce and tidy "lions" of the Boulevard (the Boulevard—the "lion" infests one only), we will not cede this point. It was in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year '47, that Alboni sang one recitative and won a name—just as Lord Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous (and be it noted, to awake one morning is easier than to sing one recitative). It was in London, not in Paris. We are aware that, in the opinion of MM. Scudo, Escudiers, Villemessant, Jules le Comte du Camp, and Thadée Tyozkiewicz, no artist can be properly baptised but in Paris; that the seal of Paris must be set to every artistic reputation, unfurnished with which it is no reputation; and that without the *botte vernie, gant jaune and talon rouge*, a singer, or a player of instruments, or even a composer, may imagine himself somebody, but, in sober truth, is nobody. We are aware of this; but we care so little for the opinion of MM. Thadée Tyozkiewicz (who is Wagner-bitten), Jules le Comte du Camp (who is Limnander-bitten), Villemessant (who is hand-in-glove with J. J. and Pietro Aretino), Escudiers (who are Verdi-bitten), and Scudo (who is Scudo-bitten), that we take no account of it. Paris did not make Alboni, nor Jenny Lind, nor Mendelssohn, who (with many others) would have been renowned had Paris never heard of

them, nor they of Paris. We suppose, forsooth, that Paris "created" Gluck and Piccini, Cherubini and Rossini, Heine and Meyerbeer—according to the opinion of MM. Tyozkiewicz, *et cetera*, and Scudo; although common sense, if not common truth and justice, should suggest to MM. Scudo, *et cetera*, and Tyozkiewicz, that, instead of Paris sealing the reputation of these illustrious men, it was they who added to the reputation of Paris, as an emporium of the fine arts, by the *prestige* of their genius, and the advantages they conferred upon the most egotistical and charming of citadels (Paris is fortified), by selecting it as a temporary place of residence. No, no, good Frenchmen, brothers in arms, etc., etc., we will not cede this point. London, not Paris, baptised—"created" (if you will)—Alboni, who, in the strength of her London celebrity, and on the report of MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel, was ardently coveted by Paris in the autumn of that same year, and was engaged by MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel, and sang at four concerts in the *Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse, Rue Lepelletier* (it was the year previous to the Revolution of February), and with such success that she was forthwith secured, by M. Vatel, for the Théâtre-Italien, of which M. Vatel was then director, and where she appeared (with Mad. Grisi) as Arsace in *Semiramide*, the very part which had introduced her to our English capital, in the early spring. All this may be episodic; but it is very true, and not altogether uncalled for, just at this critical time. But *revenons à nos moutons*, as (Voltaire says) Martial says.

Better a month than not at all. Now, Mr. Gye could hardly do wiser than engage Alboni for one month. She is at Lisbon, reaping golden honours, and a still more *real* harvest in the shape of millions on millions of "reals." A letter will find her at the Theatre Royal (*Real*); or at the *Poste Restante*; and, notwithstanding she is now a countess, and her husband a count (*pur sang*), Alboni is always Alboni, and answers letters.

About Cruvelli there is an equal degree of uncertainty. Her *congé* for May and June has been bought up by the *Académie Imperiale de Musique et de Danse, Rue Lepelletier* (style 1853-5); and there is a noise that Mr. Gye only intends a short season of three months—April, May, June—this year. We shall see what we shall see. Much, we calculate, depends upon Sevastopol and Simpheropol and other "polls," much upon Mario (and Grisi?), and upon matters not yet ripe enough for speculation.

All the rumours of Signor Costa's resignation have evaporated (as we advised our readers long ago) in smoke. Signor Costa will sit on the same stool, touch with his fingers the same narrow harpsichord (when Ronconi is in search of a note), and ring the same little bell, which caused some testy Tyozkiewicz of an amateur to remark, as a singular and not agreeable fact, that all the composers of Italian operas introduced a drawing-room bell in the middle of their finales, just at the commencement of the *stretta*. Signor Costa, we are glad to know, will do all this as usual, and change every night into Mr. Alfred Mellon, at the sight of a ballet-girl's toe, as quickly as the adventurous prince into Harlequin, at the pantomime. "The band" will, of course, remain the same (no more droppings off of "strings," it is to be hoped)—since, where is Signor Costa there is "the band"—which, probably, Herr Richard Wagner, of the "Music of the Future," will find out at the Philharmonic, like Balfe, at Her Majesty's, in 1846, before the immigration from the "market" to the "garden."

Of "new operas" we can only adventure to name Verdi's *Trovatore* and Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*—that is, at present. The former, as a light "set-off," will be welcome, and is likely to prove quite as attractive as *Rigoletto*—provided there be another "Donna è mobile" for another Mario, or, better still, for Mario himself. The latter, the last great work of Meyerbeer, must, if carefully rehearsed, powerfully cast, and placed upon the stage as Mr. Gye knows well how—and, with the aid of Mr. Beverley (who has at length a chance of distinction worthy of him), and that active and zealous factotum, Alexander Harris, was never better prepared to accomplish—will not only be a great attraction this season, but, like the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots*, for many seasons to come.

As for the *ballet*, one hint will suffice to show that Terpsichore is not to be left in the lurch. Fanny Cerrito is engaged. There is good news for you—knights of the stalls, and of the "Omnibus!"

"Thus far into the bowels of the"—prospectus, before it has appeared, the reader may exclaim. *N'importe*. We could say much more, but that we have already outrun our limits. We shall speedily have occasion to return to the charge; and in the meanwhile are ready to confess that we do not think the season will be so gloomy in every respect as the majority are inclined to believe.

In the year 1854 there was an unusually large number of *Soirées, Matinées, "Grand Concerts,"* and "Annual Concerts," at the rooms in Hanover-square and King-street, St. James's. A gentleman of considerable information, with a natural genius for statistics, has been at the pains to find out the precise number of these performances which actually took place, and how many persons attended them *gratuitously*, or otherwise. Besides this, he drew up an estimate of expenses for advertisements, rooms, gas, attendants, etc. entailed upon the various speculators. These interesting details have been mislaid; but, as they were not very flattering to the concert-givers, it is perhaps as well that we have not an opportunity of laying them before our readers.

There can be no doubt that "benefit concerts," in the West-end, are very uncommercial affairs, resembling, in one respect, the "out of doors" performances, supported by the few and enjoyed by the many. It appears to us that these concerts might be much improved in character, and be made more profitable withal, if some of our leading professors would set the example of lowering the terms of admission.

The concerts to which we allude are invariably given for one of three purposes: to exhibit the concert giver's latest achievements as a composer, or performer; to afford an opportunity to his friends and admirers of extending him a little substantial support, during the hot summer months of the London season; or to advertise his name in the newspapers as teacher, singer, performer, or composer. Now, if the first of these reasons has induced our professor to announce a concert, we think he cannot do better than adhere to the old established plan of sticking half-a-guinea on his cards of admission. True, the rooms in Hanover Square hold nearly 800 persons, which, at 10s. 6d. a head, deducting expenses, would leave a very handsome profit. But, as the *virtuoso* does not expect the general public, who have never heard of him, to forego their usual morning occupations for the temptation he offers, it is but a fair compliment, after all, to those who *do* attend to value his tickets at the figure above mentioned.

On the other hand, we have nothing whatever to object to the newly imported "lion" from abroad, who invites the public to do him the honour to listen once to his performances, since that once may be said to make or break him. But with other concert-givers—*benefit* concert-givers—the case is different. Concerts really attractive to the public, from their popular character or intrinsic merits, are very scarce indeed. They are generally held at Exeter Hall under the names of such peculiar *entrepreneurs* as Mr. Allcroft, Mr. George Case, *et hoc genus omne*. Some half-dozen entertainments are annually given at the Hanover-square Rooms for which a good orchestra and excellent artists are provided; but, although these are in every respect praiseworthy, it is a question whether the concert-givers would not do much better in selling their tickets at 5s. instead of 10s. 6d., and in abolishing all free admissions, except those necessarily accorded to the press. This is a point which we leave to the consideration of those artists whose popularity and eminent position would be certain to attract the public at large, if there were a little less to pay. The presence of a real audience of *paying* amateurs must always be more gratifying to an artist than a room full of friends and relatives. If this plan were adopted by leading professors, the concerts in London would be diminished in number by one half; complimentary tickets would cease to exist; artists would be *paid* for their services; and the musical profession would rise in public estimation.

But for that class of concert-givers whose performances are nothing more than solicitations for charity, and advertisement fly-leaves, we have a word of advice. Why should their friends be forced to spend a long morning at that dull room in Hanover-square to listen to music they have heard again and again? We do not object to the benevolence of patrons. Far from it. But we protest against dignifying with the name of "Annual Grand Morning Concert," a tedious ceremony which is virtually nothing more than an annual grand morning charity sermon, and advertisement. These speculations are not only degrading, but a positive loss of credit and of emolument to the more respectable part of the profession. No one denies that these eleemosynary concerts are unendurable. No pains are taken either to entertain or instruct the compassionate friends, acquaintances, and pupils, who subscribe their guineas and half-guineas. The same singers and players may be heard at every one of the so-called concerts, and they are generally artists who would seem to migrate to London for the express purpose of performing gratuitously at the annual charity meetings of the season. You may hear them practising on the first-floor, at Cramer and Beale's, in the morning, while Hanover-street in the afternoon is alternately reverberant with echoes of the eternal French bolero, the harp "concerto," (1) or the tender breathings of the "mellifluous" concertina. If concert-givers of the class alluded to cannot do anything to give a reasonable colouring to warrant their exactions upon their friends, we, in all sincerity, recommend them to make more direct and honest appeals. Why not unite together, hold a "grand festival," and sing in unison certain of the Psalms of David and other appropriate pieces? At the conclusion, half-a-dozen of the body might hand round silver plates before the audience have dispersed. The expenses would be much less (since the rooms would only be required for *one* morning), and the profits could be divided equally. The idea is new, and if effectively carried out, would no doubt attract for many seasons.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE second concert of the season took place, as usual, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, in presence of a full and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.			
Symphony in C major, No. 1	-	-	Mozart.
Song—"Shall I be remembered?"	-	-	H. Leslie.
Overture—"Oberon"	-	-	Weber.
Solo for Pianoforte—"L'Hirondelle," "A te o cara"	-	-	Prudent.
PART II.			
March	-	-	E. Aguilar.
Overture—"Egmont"	-	-	Beethoven.
Song—"Canst thou doubt?"	-	-	J. B. Calkin.
Overture—"Le Cheval de Bronze"	-	-	Auber.
Vocalist, Mad. Weiss; Pianoforte, Mr. A. Wellesley.			
Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.			

The symphony was exceedingly well played, and exhibited decided improvement in point of steadiness and decision on the part of the band. The *presto finale* was rather trying to them, but was got through famously, indicating both time and pains well expended in rehearsal. Mr. Leslie's song was deservedly encored. It is tuneful and flowing, and Madame Weiss sang it with proper feeling. Weber's overture did not go altogether as well as might be desired. The introduction was very unsteady, which tended to throw a damper on the whole performance; although, in reality, excepting the starting, there was nothing greatly to complain of.

Mr. Aguilar's "March" is brilliant and effectively instrumented, and left little to be found fault with in point of execution. It was conducted by the composer himself. The overture to *Egmont*, however, was by far the best performance of the evening. The members truly distinguished themselves, and their performance would have done no discredit to a force of far more pretensions. Mr. Calkin's song is quiet and pleasing, and again exhibited Madame Weiss's taste and expression.

Mr. A. Wellesley, an excellent amateur pianist, played Prudent's two difficult pieces, with his usual talent.

The sparkling overture of Auber brought to an effective close one of the most successful concerts of the Amateur Musical Society.

Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, visited the Princess's, Lyceum, and Olympic theatres during the week. The Queen and Prince Albert appeared highly delighted with Mr. Charles Kean's performance of Louis the Eleventh, and applauded the actor frequently and warmly. The Royal party were also infinitely amused with Mr. Robson, at the Olympic, in the *Blighted Being*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After a secession of one whole season, Herr Formes has renewed his engagement with Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. Matters, we presume, have been arranged à l'amiable between the *impresario* and the artist. The subscribers will not hear this with displeasure.

SIR HENRY BISHOP has been engaged by Mr. Mitchell to give a short series of Afternoon Vocal Concerts, selected from his own compositions. The first concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 6th. From the names of the artists engaged to carry out the programme, we consider the scheme an excellent one, and have no doubt but it will meet with success.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.—The amateurs of the pianoforte will be glad to hear that this talented and popular artist purposes recommencing his annual recitals of classical pianoforte music early in March, at St. Martin's Hall.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A Ball was given, in the above rooms, on Monday the 12th instant, in aid of the French Benevolent Society Fund. The band was under the direction of Mr. Charles Boosé. The company was numerous and select.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—At Drury Lane the promised *L'Etoile du Nord* did not make its appearance on Monday last, being postponed until next Monday, for which day it is now positively announced. The "Grand Egyptian Tragedy," by Mr. Fitzball, is also underlined at the same theatre.

MR. ALLCROFT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.

THE Lyceum Theatre was crowded in every part on Wednesday, on the occasion of Mr. Allcroft's customary entertainment on Ash Wednesday. The phrase "in every part" is really applicable in this case, since were not only boxes, stalls, pit, and galleries crammed to overflowing, but even the stage—excepting a few yards in front of the foot-lights, reserved for the artists—was converted into a second, or supplementary pit, and the seats there too all occupied.

The programme, as usual, comprised nearly all the available talent at present in the metropolis. To show this, it is enough to cite the names of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mad. Anna Thillon, Herr Ernst, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Richardson, etc. There were in all upwards of thirty artists—not reckoning the "Chanteurs Montagnards"—and close upon sixty pieces. It is therefore necessary merely to mention a few pieces, which were received with especial favour.

In the first part, Madame Anna Thillon sang an air from Auber's *Emma*, and was encored; Madame F. Lablache gave an expressive reading of Mozart's "L'Addio;" and Mr. Sims Reeves was enthusiastically encored in "O, 'tis a glorious sight," which he sang splendidly. Upon his return to the stage at least a dozen voices called out for as many different songs, the tastes of the audience inclining to various schools; but the singer was apparently bent upon adhering literally to the call for a repetition, when a man, in loose frieze, bounded from his seat in the middle of the pit, and shouted out with stentorian lungs, "Sing what you like, my boy;" whereupon Mr. Reeves sat down to the piano and sang "My pretty Jane," the first notes of which at once satisfied the audience. The ballad was sung with irreproachable taste. In the second part, Mr. Reeves introduced a "patriotic" song—of which the words are more martial than the music—and was again encored. Miss Stabback sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and a ballad, which she gave in a most pleasing and unostentatious manner. Many other young ladies sang—too many, indeed, by half-a-dozen. They came in, one after the other, as if there was no end to them. We must not forget, however, Miss Fanny Ternan, who sang "Where the bee sucks" so prettily; nor Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who sang several songs; nor Miss Poole, who, forgetting her miscellaneous ambition, sang Gluck's "Che faro senza Eurydice;" nor Miss Leffler, a *débutante*, who would do well, for the sake of her friends and admirers, to refrain from such things as "Ah! quel giorno;" nor the Misses E. and M. Mascall, with their pretty voices and modest deportment, who would do wisely to "fight shy" of the duet from *Matilda di Shabran*; nor other young ladies, all of whom would have done better if they had not endeavoured to do too much.

The instrumental selection was good. Herr Ernst played twice—the first time his own "Hungarian Air Variée," and the second, the "Carnaval de Venise." In both he was encored, but was discreet enough to accept the compliment and bow his thanks. He played with wonderful effect. Mr. Richardson also gave a solo on the flute; Mr. Lazarus one on the clarinet; Mr. George Case one on the concertina; and Mr. Distin, sen., one on the trumpet—each in his peculiar style. Mdlle. Coulon executed a part of Liszt's *Prophète Fantaisie* with brilliant effect; and Mdlle. Louise Christine was very successful in the harp solo.

Between the parts the Chanteurs Montagnards sang "Partant pour la Syrie," and "La Catalane," with which the audience were delighted. The band, which was small, was not inefficient; two of Auber's overtures, selections from *Norma*, and the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were performed. The concert did not finish till near one o'clock.

MR. CRAWFORD, a singer of Scottish songs, has taken one of the rooms in the Regent Gallery, for the purpose of giving an entertainment, with which he has been very successful hitherto in the Store-street Rooms, and other public places. Mr. Crawford has been well received during the week at his new *locale*, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a full audience has attended every evening, and the approbation bestowed on his efforts, has been lavished with no sparing hands.

DRAMATIC.

LYCEUM.—An amusing farce was brought out at this theatre on Thursday, with the title of *Too Much of a Good Thing*, and was very successful. The idea of a wife being so overfond as literally to bore the husband who loves her is well carried out, and is not more exaggerated than the majority of one-act farces. The manner in which the husband for a time gets freed from the connubial apron-strings is very laughable. Of course, as a counter-balance to the wife's overfondness, the husband is made to sin in another way; and so, there being things to be palliated and forgiven on both sides, an explanation settles all. The origin of *Too Much of a Good Thing* is evidently French. Mr. Robert Roxby, Mr. Basil Baker, Mrs. Frank Matthews and Miss Hughes, were the performers.

ST. JAMES'S.—This theatre re-opened on Saturday last, again under the management of Mrs. Seymour. Two new pieces were produced—one, a two-act drama, entitled *Clarisse; or, the Foster Sister*—the other, a comedy in one act, called *Art*. They are both adaptations from the French; but neither is likely to take much hold upon the public, unless Mrs. Seymour's admirable acting in the second may chance to secure a "run." *Clarisse* has the advantage—if in this instance it is one—of being interspersed with a few light and agreeable airs, by Mr. Charles Hall, the musical director of the theatre, which, we have no doubt, would please better if better sung. As it is, Mrs. Seymour would do well to eschew singing altogether in her productions and revivals—always excepting burlesques and travesties—until she can procure more efficient vocalists. *Art*, is a version by Mr. Charles Reade, of the *Tragedy Queen*, produced at the Olympic about two years ago for Mrs. Stirling. In the last-named piece the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle was the heroine, or substitute for the Madame Dumesnil of the original. Mr. Charles Reade has taken for his tragedy queen Mrs. Oldfield, an actress no less celebrated than Mrs. Bracegirdle. The character of Mrs. Oldfield is admirably suited to Mrs. Seymour, and was played to the life. So much vivacity, buoyancy of spirits, ease and *naïveté* combined, are rarely found in the possession of an English actress. *Art* has no pretensions to plot, nor does it depend upon plot for its effect. Mrs. Oldfield stands out prominently, and is drawn in striking colours; but the other characters are nonentities. *Art* is well, even poetically written; but, we fancy, the dialogue has lost in vigour and point what it has gained in elevation. Altogether this little comedy, however pretentious and ably written, has hardly body and consistence enough for the main piece of an evening. It has been, nevertheless, received with great applause.

The company has been thoroughly sifted; but Mrs. Seymour has yet to supply the places of Mr. George Vandenhoff, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and others. Miss Elsworth, however, is a good substitute for Miss Marshall, and Miss Susan Elsworth, who made her first appearance on Saturday, is very pretty, and promises to be an acquisition to the company. Miss Eleanor Bufton, by the way, is also very pretty, and consequently attractive.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given last night for the first time this year, and attracted one of the most numerous audiences of the season. The performance was generally admirable. The solo vocalists were Miss Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Among the points were the aria, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," by Madame Clara Novello; "But the Lord is mindful of his own," by Mrs. Lockey, etc. Mr. Sims Reeves was so indisposed, with cold and hoarseness, that although he manfully went through the whole of the first part, an apology was made for him at the end, and Mr. Benson undertook the second.

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It is intended to celebrate the opening of the Music-hall by a grand festival, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th September next. A desire has been expressed by several amateurs to form a society for the purpose of qualifying themselves to take part in the choruses of the great oratorios to be then performed.—*Chester Courant*.

THE NEW ORGAN AT BELFAST.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—On opening the *Musical World*, this morning, I found in it a notice of the new organ for the Victoria Hall, Belfast. At the bottom of that notice my name is mentioned in a way which is not over pleasing as the designer of the instrument, and in a way which you would not evidently have done had you fully understood the matter. Therefore may I trespass on your valuable space, to put the matter right. In the first place, as you state that the qualities of the instrument are better individually and in combination than in most of Mr. Robson's previous specimens, I think that as that has in a great measure resulted from the instrument being built under my direction, that fully warrants a reference to my name.

2ndly. I cannot father the word *teneroon*, it not being on any of the stop knobs—the word *doublette* was used for want of a better, which if you will suggest I will immediately make use of.

3rdly. The case was made from a drawing of mine: it may not be deemed worthy of your notice, but I am not aware of any case that is very much like it, therefore it is not intentionally a copy (should it be found much like any other).

4thly. The organ would not have been tuned equal temperament, had I not strongly wished it to be so.

5thly. The lettering on the stop knobs is more in accordance with what you have urged in your columns, as I have indicated the pitch of each register by use of figures—as eight feet diapason, four feet flute, etc., and the letters *cc* or *c* to indicate the extent of each stop.

Finally, many matters of detail as regards size of bellows, case, compass, pedals, voicing, etc., etc., have from time to time, during the construction been made on my part; and therefore, without for once deeming that my humble efforts are worthy of any praise in the *Musical World*, I trust that as the organ itself has been deemed worthy of notice, the fact of my having been so connected with its erection will fully acquit me of any vain assumption in the matter.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

ALBERT DAWES.
4, Tamworth-place, Crumlin-road, Organist to the Belfast Classical
Belfast, Feb. 12th, 1855. Harmonist's Society.

We insert this letter because Mr. Dawes seems to consider himself aggrieved by us; although, on his own showing, we really do not see how much our remarks were in fault. To follow him, therefore, *seriatim*:—In stating that the “qualities of the instrument are better individually and combined” etc., we imagined, and still imagine, this amelioration rather due to an improvement in Mr. Robson's notions of voicing, than to any professional superintendence he might have undergone. Secondly—Mr. Dawes tells us he cannot “father the word *Teneroon*,” and there, therefore, that matter ends. We may as well here, perhaps, explain that the name “*Teneroon*” properly belongs to a small species of bassoon, now out of date, the compass of which extended to tenor C; and that this name was thrust on to the treble part of an organ double diapason, some years since, in a rabid determination for novelty at any cost; but as the orchestral instrument is a reed, and, in pitch, an octave higher than the organ-stop, appropriateness in nomenclature would be just as much secured to the latter by calling it a *Psaltery* or a *Dulcimer*. With regard to the word “*Doublette*,” we may explain that it is the French term for a Fifteenth, and cannot properly be applied to any two-rank stop. As Mr. Dawes solicits, at our hands, a baptism for his otherwise nameless child, we need merely refer him to the five names in ordinary use for compound stops—namely, *sesquialtra*, *mixture*, *furniture*, *cymbal*, and *cornet*; any one of which, except the last—which has a peculiar significance—he may properly adopt for his two-rank compound. Passing over the design of the case and the lettering of the draw stops, in which Mr. Dawes is entitled to all derivable credit, we come to the last point in which he claims to have rendered assistance as to “size of bellows,” etc.; and, on this, shall merely remark that the probabilities are strongly in favour of Mr. Robson's having, by this time, gained sufficient experience to enable him to proportion the bellows for so moderately-sized an organ without external aid. On such points as these, however, Mr. Robson and Mr. Dawes had better adjust matters between themselves. We had not, and have not, the slightest intention of offending Mr. Dawes; but cannot, nevertheless, retract the sense of our remark—namely, that the scheme of the Belfast organ is of a very ordinary kind, and exhibits nothing peculiar enough to mark the hand of a special designer.—[Ed. M. W.]

PROVINCIAL.

LEAMINGTON.—Mr. R. Harold Thomas's *Soirée Musicale* on Wednesday last was well and fashionably attended. The performances of this talented pianist, including selections from Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett etc., enhanced his professional reputation in this town, where his previous efforts had, last year, already delighted a distinguished audience. Mr. Thomas's own composition—“An April shower” and “Terpsichore”—were much admired; but the group of studies especially elicited approval, the last (Chopin's, on the black keys) being encored. Signor Piatti's violoncello solo on *Linda* (encored), and the singing of Miss Poole and Miss Ellen Williams, were, among the chief attractions of the concert.—*Leamington Courier* Feb. 17th, 1855.

HALIFAX.—PEOPLE'S CONCERT.—The tenth of the present series of cheap concerts for the people came off on Monday evening in the Oddfellows' Hall. The new orchestral band was present. The pieces selected were Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Herold's *Zampa*, with Bellini's “*Vi ravviso*,” and a waltz and a galop by Mr. D'Albert. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Winterbottom (of Manchester), and Mr. Lambert (of York). Mr. Dean conducted the band with ability.

YORK.—(From a Correspondent, Feb. 19th.)—The first concert given by M. Jullien in this town since his return from America attracted an immense crowd to the Festival Concert Room, on Thursday last. All the fashionables of the city and vicinity attended, and a more brilliant assembly I have not witnessed for some time. M. Jullien was received with enthusiasm. He is a universal favourite in York, and his annual coming is always looked forward to as an event. His welcome now was more than ever hearty on account of his absence last year. I need not enter into details about the concert. The selection was such as the audiences at Drury Lane or Covent Garden are accustomed to. The features were Mendelssohn's overture to *Heimkehr* (his comic opera)—never before heard in York—Jullien's two new quadrilles, the “*American*” and the “*Pantomime*,” and a *Pianoforte Concerto*, by Madame Pleyel. The overture was played to perfection; and the two quadrilles were highly appreciated and applauded. The “*Pantomime Quadrille*” is a famous travestie, and at the same time very clever. Madame Pleyel played with extraordinary effect the *Andante* and *Rondo* from Mendelssohn's *Concerto* in G minor. Her performance was such as to leave no doubt upon the mind of any one acquainted with the instrument, that she is one of the most gifted and accomplished of living pianists. Miss Dolby sang an American ballad so charmingly as to elicit an encore, in response to which she gave the Jacobite air, “*O'er the sea*.” She was also encored in Mozart's “*L'Addio*.” Among the best performances by the band, I may mention selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which effectively introduced the various soloists of M. Jullien's troupe. Sig. Monasterio played a solo on the violin with fine execution and genuine artistic feeling. He is very young but, if I am not much mistaken, is likely to stand some future day in the first rank of violinists. The concert concluded with “*The Charge Galop*”—a new composition from the prolific M. Jullien—a spirited dance. According to general impression, this concert was, altogether, one of the most successful ever given in York by the popular and indefatigable entrepreneur.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—At a morning concert held in the Music Hall, in this city, on Saturday, the 10th February, Haydn's Imperial Mass was performed with great success by the artists of the opera company, Madame Caradori, Miss Huddart, Herren Reichardt and Formes taking the solo parts. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection of music by the same artists, with the addition of solos for the pianoforte and violin, performed by Mr. J. Thorne Harris of Manchester, and Herr Manns of the Opera orchestra. Mr. Harris's solo was warmly applauded, and honoured with an encore, to which he did not respond, however, on account of the coldness of the room, which was unfavourable to pianoforte playing. Herr Reichardt sang a romance composed expressly for him by Mr. J. Thorne Harris, which created a favourable impression, and was repeated in accordance with the general demand. The song is well suited

to Herr Reichardt's style, and was admirably sung by that clever artist, who is now thoroughly restored to health, and in excellent voice. The violin solo of Herr Manns was also encored.

[Our correspondent omits to mention the great success of Mad. Caradori, Herr Formes, and Herr Reichardt, which we find recorded in the local papers.—Ed.]

HALIFAX CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Wednesday evening, the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Halifax Choral Society was held at the house of Mr. John Frobisher, the King's Head Inn, for the purpose of auditing the accounts for the past year, and electing persons to fill the various offices for the present year, and to transact other business of the Society. This Society is at the present in a thriving state. The subscription list counts 120, besides a few double subscribers. The Ven. Archdeacon Musgrave was re-elected president, Mr. S. Pollit, secretary, Mr. J. H. Frobisher the conductor, and Mr. H. W. Whitaker, leader. It was arranged for the committee and subscribers to hold their annual dinner on Thursday.

LEEDS (Feb. 19).—The Recreation Society gave the thirteenth of the People's Concerts on Saturday evening. The English Glee and Madrigal Union were engaged.—The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society's *soirée* came off on Tuesday.—At the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, on Monday evening, Mr. Traice read a paper, entitled "A few words on the Works of Charles Dickens."—Within the past fortnight a new organ, by Messrs. Forster and Andrew's, of Hull, has been erected in the south transept of the district church of St. Matthew's, Little London, and was opened on Sunday week, on which occasion special sermons were preached. Mr. Spark, organist of St. George's, presided at the organ at each service. He was assisted by an efficient choir, who gave the various chants and anthems with great effect. The organ contains 16 stops—seven in the great organ, six in the swell organ, one on the pedal organ, consisting of a double open of 16 feet, two couplets, likewise three composition pedals, and two octaves, and a third of German pedals. The general effect of the instrument was satisfactory.

LIVERPOOL.—A crowded audience was attracted to the Philharmonic Hall, on Monday, when M. Jullien gave his second concert. Mad. Pleyel played a movement of one of Mendelssohn's concertos, evincing a degree of poetical expression, dexterity, and delicacy of touch, which evoked an enthusiastic encore. Miss Dolby sang Mozart's "L'Addio," and "Minnie," the latter of which the audience re-demanded. The band performed, among other things, the "Pantomime Quadrille," the "Sleigh Polka," and the "Vive l'Empereur Galop." Both concerts were eminently successful.—The first subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society for the present season took place on Tuesday, when Herr Ernst, Mad. Luigi, and Sig. Marras, were engaged.

WORCESTER.—On Monday, the 12th inst., the concluding concert of the series was given in the Natural History Room, by the members of the Worcester Glee and Madrigal Union. The scheme comprised a good selection of glees, madrigals, and other pieces, all which were well performed. Mr. Spray played two solos, one on the violin and one on the violoncello, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Redgrave. Mrs. Evans sang "Thou art lovelier," and was encored, and she sang the second part, "The lost heart." Mr. Cooper gave Spohr's "The bird and the maiden," Mr. Cooper, sen., playing the clarinet obligato. It was redemanded. Mr. Cooper, later in the evening, sang the ancient ditty, "Cruel Warre," so well as to elicit an encore. On his recall, he sang "The Linnet," a lay of the seventeenth century, rearranged by himself. Messrs. Topham, Brookes, and Berkeley contributed to the evening's entertainment. They were warmly encored in the laughing glee, "Vadasi via di qua." The concert terminated with the National Anthem.—Herr Defeher's lecture on ancient music was given at the Natural History Room, on evening of Thursday, the 15th. He introduced songs in nearly twenty-five different languages, comprising every style of classic music. Mr. Redgrave accompanied on the pianoforte; and between the parts Mr. J. H. D'Egville performed a fantasia on the violin, accompanied on the pianoforte by his daughter.

WOLVERHAMPTON, Feb. 21.—Miss P. Horton gave a musical entertainment at the theatre, on Friday evening, assisted by Mr. German Reed. The entertainment consisted of musical and characteristic illustrations, introducing a variety of impersonations from life, and including English, French, and Italian songs. The vocal and mimic talents of Miss P. Horton were exhibited to great advantage. She sang ballads, scenes, burlesques, and medleys, all with admirable effect. The audience, which was numerous and fashionable, was amused and delighted from beginning to end.

FOLKESTONE.—The last concert of the Catch Club took place on Wednesday. The vocalists were Miss Mears, Mr. Gough, and Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Nicholson, the pianist (the only instrumentalist). The season was brought to a close after a few concerts, owing to a number of persons who had given their names as subscribers not paying their subscriptions, a list of whom was handed round the room after the concert. The committee in consequence will have to make good the deficiency in the funds.

BRADFORD.—M. Jullien, with his unrivalled band, gave a grand concert at St. George's Hall, on Monday evening. Madame Pleyel, and Miss Dolby, largely contributed to enhance the attraction of the entertainment. The hall was crammed in every part.

DOVER.—The seventieth season of the Dover Catch Club was brought to a close on the evening of Thursday week, when the room was crowded, 400 and 500 persons being present, including a large number of ladies. Mr. C. Lamb, the respected president of the club, occupied the chair.

BARNESLEY.—On Thursday evening a dress concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall, by the English Glee and Madrigal Union. The singers were Mrs. Lockey, Mrs. Endersohn, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. The performance was of a first-class character. The proceeds, after payment of expenses, amounted to upwards of £5, and will be given to the Patriotic Fund.

PIERRE WINTER, chapel-master to the King of Bavaria, was born at Munich, in 1758, and made so rapid a progress in his musical studies, that, at twelve years of age, he conducted the royal band. The German operas of this great master are twelve in number, and their picturesque beauties—mythologic, heroic and comic—are universally acknowledged. To the treasures of Italy—already enriched by the productions of Sarti, Jomelli, Guglielmi, Cimarosa, Paer, and Paisiello—he added the wealth of his compositions; and Naples, Rome, Venice have resounded his praise. Winter first became known to the musical public of Paris by his opera of *Tamerlane*; in which it was said, that the music accompanying the entry of Tamerlane into Adrianople is so expressive of the incident, that it is impossible to listen to it, and not fancy that we are spectators of the triumph of the Tartars. In consequence of the great success of this piece in France, Winter was solicited to set *Castor and Pollux* to music. Sensible of the caprice of the Parisian amateurs, he was unwilling to trust the reputation he had acquired to their hands. Besides that that opera had already been set by Trajetta, Candrille, Bianchi, Sarti, Bogler, Frederici and others, he knew how sanctimoniously partial the French still were to the music of their *divine* Rameau, some of whose airs Candrille had introduced into his *Castor and Pollux*; and, it may be said for him, that he feared to have the French theorist's quaintness and crudities pitted against his ease and elegance. His apprehensions were too well-founded. He yielded to the persuasions of the manager, and became the victim of his own complaisance. He composed the opera; it was heard; and the music that has since been admired in almost every other metropolis of Europe, was condemned in Paris as unworthy to be heard after that of Rameau.

Not only at Venice, Naples, Rome and Vienna have Winter's operas been heard and applauded; at London, also, they have been listened to with admiration. His *Calypso*, *Castor*, *Zaira* and *Proserpine*, obtained brilliant receptions at the King's Theatre, and the warmest eulogium has been awarded to several of his grand ballets. But the most highly successful of all his lyrical productions, represented in London, was his *Orpheus*, a ballet, novel in its kind; inasmuch as it unites with the grand pantomime the attraction of vocal melody—to the illustrative lyre of the ancient Greeks, adds the beauties of modern song, and seems to fill the whole circle of musical enchantment.

THE MESSIAH AND THE CREATION.

(From an Amateur's Point of View.)

HÄNDEL seems to have monopolized the one subject for an Oratorio, *Humanity's anticipation of its Messiah*. This properly is the one theme of all pure music; this is the mysterious promise which it whispers; this the hope with which it fills us as its tones seem to fall from the blue sky, or to exhale through the earth's pores from its secret, divine fountains. Music is the aspiration, the yearnings of the heart to the Infinite. It is the prayer of faith, which has no fear, no weakness in it. It delivers us from our actual bondage; it buoys us up above our accidents, and wafts us on waves of melody to the heart's ideal home. This longing of the heart, which is a permanent fact of human life, and with which all know how to sympathise, has received its most perfect historical form in the Jewish expectation of a Messiah. The prediction and coming of Jesus stand as a type for ever of the divine restlessness, the prophetic yearning of the heart of humanity. Has any poet found words for this feeling to match with those of the Psalmist and prophets of old? With wonderful judgment, Händel culled out the noblest of those grand sentences, and constructed them into a complete and epic unity. They are almost the only words we know, which do not limit the free, world-permeating, ever-shifting, Protean genius of music. Words, the language of thoughts, are too definite, and clip the wings and clog the graceful movements of this unresting spirit; she chants forgetfulness of limits, and charms us along with her to the Infinite; she loves to wander through the vague immense, and seems everywhere at once; then only is she beautiful. With the growth of the musical taste, therefore, one acquires a more and more decided preference for instrumental music rather than song; music pure, rather than music wedded with another heart, which never can be quite congenial. We prefer a Beethoven's symphony to anything ever sung, with the single exception of Händel's *Messiah*; in that, the words seem one with the music—as eternal, as sublime, as universal, and impersonal; they set no limit to the music, but contain in themselves seeds of inexhaustible harmonies and melodies. We could not spare a word, or suffer any change. *The Messiah* always must have meaning to all men, it is so impersonal; its choruses are the voice of all humanity, its songs are the communion of the solitary soul with the Infinite; but there is no duet or trio in it, no talking of individual with individual. Either it is the sublime of the soul merged in the multitude, or it is the sublime of the soul alone with God. And then its depth of sadness!—from such depths alone could roll those mighty ocean choruses of triumph, the "Hallelujah" choruses, the "Wonderful" chorus, and "Worthy the Lamb." *The Messiah* will always stand, in its stern simplicity, as one of the adopted of Nature.

How different the *Creation*! We are in another element, with another man, with Haydn, that sunny, genial busy, nature. If with Händel all is unity, grandeur, bold simplicity, universality, here all is variety, individuality, profusion of detail. If with Händel it is aspiration to the Unknown, here it is a description of the Known. If one forbodes another world, the other lovingly reflects the hues of this world. Händel, with bold hand, sketches gigantic shadows, which lose themselves in infinite space. With Haydn everything is happily planned within the limits of certainty, and conscientiously and gracefully finished. It is the perfection of art. A work of Haydn's is a Grecian temple; there it stands, complete in itself and fully executed, and suggests no more. A work of Händel's (still more of Beethoven's) is a Gothic cathedral, which seems never finished, but becoming, growing, yearning, and striving upwards; the beginning only of a boundless plan whose consummation is in another world. We enjoy with Haydn the serene pleasure of doing things, the ever-fresh surprise of accomplishment. With him we round off and finish one thing after another, and look upon it and pronounce it good; but we do not lift our eyes away and yearn for what is beyond. Constant, cheerful activity was the element of Haydn; hence the *Creation* was the very subject for the man, his whole nature chose it for him. In *The Creation* the instrumental accompaniments are prominent, and the voices secondary.

The orchestra weaves the picture, the voices but hint its meaning; literal description of nature is carried even too far in it. Beautiful and surprising as those imitations are of Chaos and the birth of Light, and rolling ocean, and smooth meadows, and brooks, and birds, and breezes, monsters of the deep and of the forest, and insects sparkling like gold dust in the sunny air—yet often they seem too mechanical and curious, and out of the province of Art, which should breathe the pervading spirit of Nature as a whole, and not copy too carefully the things that are in it. Whoever has studied the Pastoral Symphony, or the Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, will feel the difference between music which flows from a common consciousness (as it were) with Nature, and the music which only copies from without her single features. These pieces bring all summer sensations over you, but they do not let you identify a note or a passage as standing for a stream or a bird. They do not say: look at this or look at that, now imagine nightingales, now thunder, now mountains, and now sun-spots chasing shadows, but they make you feel as you would if you were lying on a grassy slope in a summer's afternoon, with the melancholy leisure of a shepherd swain, and these things all around you without your noticing them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. NEATE begs to announce that he intends, in the course of next month, to publish an Essay on Piano-forte Fingering, chiefly as connected with expression. Price 10s. to subscribers (whose names must be addressed to the author, No. 2, Chapel-street, Portland Place), and 12s. to non-subscribers.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

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GRAND AMATEUR SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—An Amateur Soirée Musicale will take place on Tuesday, the 20th March, at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded at Scutari. The proceeds to be presented to Miss Nightingale. Tickets, 5s. each, or a family ticket to admit five, One Guinea. All letters and applications for tickets to be addressed to Miss Bevington, 48, Greek-street, Soho-square.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.—The SECOND PERFORMANCE this season will take place on Wednesday, March 23. The subscription to the Society—West gallery, £1 1s.; reserved area, £2 2s. Subscribers now entering will be entitled to two tickets for the performance of the above date. Conductors—Dr. WYLD and H. BERLIOZ. Subscriptions received at Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s 48, Cheap-side; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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Let brighter visions thy dreams employ!
For friends and kindred cherish no love,
But all affections centre above!
Pleasures are fleeting, sorrows remain:
Life's but a moment fading in pain.
Beneath all memories, be Hope thy ray;
Past thoughts come only, past to betray!
Hours once so blissful cease to deplore;
Days that were brightest come back no more!
Mourn not the feelings youth and love gave;
Heav'n will restore them beyond the grave.

"This is one of the most beautiful and entrancing compositions we have ever met with. The purity and melody of the theme are exquisite, and the expression of the simple chords must awaken devotion in the oldest heart."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1855.

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